

Well met Neighbour:

OR,

A dainty discourse betwixt Nell and Sisse,
of men that doe use their wives amisse:
Then all you good women their cases pittie,
the cause you shall heare if you list to this ditty.

To the tune of Ragged and Torne.



Wither away good neighbour,
what makes you to frudge so fast:
I'm going to Margeryes Labour,
I'm sent for in very great hast:
Yet for all this your speed,
I pray you goe softly a while,
For I haue a thing in my head
that will hold us talking a mile:
Heard you not lately of Hugh,
how soundly his wife he bangd,
He beat her black and blew
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

If possible neighbour Sisse,
that they doe no better agree:
Say I haue more newes then this
of others as bad as he:
And seeing wee both goe one way,
we'l giue to our hast some scope,
Though you from the labour doe stay
shel doe well enough I hope:
Know you not Laurence the Miller,
O he is as good as ere twangd,
His wife sayes he threatens to kill her,
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

O fye on these dastardly knaues,
for those that will beate their wiues
They dare not with swords or stauies
mermen in the field for their liues:
But if that my husband should
not use me so well as he ought,

My hands I should hardly hold
for he giue him as good as he brought:
But know you not Kett the Baker
O he is as good as ere twangd,
He threatens his wife to forsake her.
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

Why what is his reason for that:
in troth neighbour I doe not know,
But when hee is as drunke as a Kat,
then shel act the part of a shrow:
Tush, thats such a catching disease
few women their silence can keepe,
Let euery one say what they please
but a shrew's better then a sheepe:
But know you not Ralph the plumber,
O hee is as good as ere twangd:
He walkes with a wench euery summer
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

What does his pore wife the meane
at home she doth sadly remaine, (while:
And at his returne she will smile,
and louingly him entertaine:
In troth then he serues her but right,
but if that it were my case,
The wench that hee kept but one night,
should goe with no nose on her face:
But know you not Sam the Turner,
O hee is as good as ere twangd,
He throws his wife i'th fire to burn her
O such a Rogue would be hangd.



The second part,

To the same tune.



I pray you how happened that,
What should be the cause of this strife?
A man brought a new Weaver hat,
unto his next neighbours wife,
And she spoke unto her good man,
to buy such another for her,
Which made him to curse and to ban,
and thus began all the stir.
But know you not Franke the Clouer,
o he is as good as ere twangd,
His wife sayes he doth not loue her,
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

But what doe you thinke's the occasion
that separates them in affection?
Was led by a queenes perswasion
to bring his poore wife in subiection,
Should my good man vse me thus
I'de seritt both him and his minion,
To loue them that loue not us
is folly in my opinion:
But know you not Ned the painter?
o he is as good as ere twangd,
He's turnd a great Tavern haunter
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

This seemes a great wonder to me,
and a thing which I hardly can think
For lately so strict was he,
that you hardly could get him to drink
Tush, thats a thing commonly seene,
theres many that seeme so ciuill:
In a place conuenient haue bene
as bad as who's most euill:

But know you not Stephen the weauer
o he is as good as ere twangd, (her
Has deceiv'd my maide, now heel leane
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

Why neighbour I hope you but iest,
has he your maid Dan beguild?
Tis true neighbour Nell I protest,
and I doubt now she will ren wild:
Tis pittie that maids are so kind
to trust them that are so fickle,
For now you may well vnderstand
she is left in a very bad pickle:
But know you not George the selmore
o he is as good as ere twangd, (get
He let his first wife dye for hunger,
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

In sadnelle neighbour Sisse
you haue made me my time ore slip,
If Margery should doe amisse
twould make me to bite my lip:
And therefore in hast farewell,
o Margery now I come,
Adieu sweet neighbour Nell,
hush, say no more but mum.
For staying from Wadge tis true,
I confesse I deserue to be hangd:
And this is all long of Hugh,
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.